

# The Middlebury People's Press.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Yankee Farmer.

### TIME FOR CUTTING GRASSES.

In cutting clover, farmers generally judge of the time from the appearance of the heads, rather than from an examination of the seed. Many prefer the time for cutting when one third part of the heads have turned a dark color.

Orchard grass, when it grows large, should be cut when in bloom, else the stalks will be too dry and hard to be relished by stock. As this grass grows rapidly, and needs cutting rather early, it is well adapted to growing with clover, as it should be cut about the same time.

As to the time of cutting Herd's grass, there are different opinions; some prefer the time when it is in blossom, others when the seed is grown, that is, full, as we say of corn. This was subject of debate at the agricultural meeting, at the State House, last winter, in which different views and reasons were offered.

Judging from experience, and reasoning from analogy, we prefer cutting herds grass when the seed is full. We recollect that there was a time when it was considered that the best period for cutting this grass was when it is in blossom; but after long experience, farmers generally changed their minds on this subject, and had it not been for the standing of men who still advocated the early cutting of grass we should have thought that this practice ranked with the whims and prejudices of our forefathers.

We have observed, that grass cut when in blossom, not only made far less bulk of hay, but far less weight, and though cattle might at first take hold of the early cut fodder more eagerly, they would after a while leave it for that which was well grown and cut in its prime. The early cut grass, even when dry and made into hay, still resembles grass, and has less substance.

We think that there is no point of time in which herds grass, and plants in general, used as fodder, gain so fast in nutriment, as from the time they blossom till the seed is full grown. The English writers recommend cutting grass when it is ripe, and we believe that the time of ripening, as considered by them, is when the seed is full, for when the seed is full it is ripe, so far as vegetation is concerned. We have found that some seeds, and all that we have tried, have vegetated on being planted as soon as fully grown, though soft and green as we consider it, judging from appearance.

We do not depend on chemical analysis of English authors as to the amount of nutriment in grasses, cut at different periods, as we depend more on the weight of hay and its effect on stock.

In reasoning from analogy, we find much in favor of the position that we have taken. We believe that almost every farmer, who would choose the most favorable time for cutting corn, oats, barley, or any other grain, or any plants, in order to have the greatest amount of nutriment for stock, would choose as late a time as that in which the seed was well grown.

We believe that if corn be cut up when the seed is full, that there would be more nutriment in the stalks, than at an earlier period, to say nothing of the grain. And if stalks are not cut till after the corn is full and ripening, it is not thought that they lose any thing for some time after the grain is full.

It is not expected that farmers can cut all their grass at the most suitable period, when they have much to do; but it is important to know the best time that every one may come as near it as possible. Some grass must of course be cut rather before the proper time, else a great deal will remain too long.

**PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.**—The Columbia Republican of yesterday, says, that the labors of Messrs. Wright and Pollard, the two delegates from Baltimore, who talked to such good purpose in this city, have added seven hundred names within a week to the total abstinence societies in Hudson.—*Albany Daily Advertiser.*

**The Product of Labor.**—Agriculture is the foundation of wealth. The sea renders her tribute, but the earth presents to skill and industry richer and infinitely varied contributions. Money is not wealth. It is only the representative of wealth. Money is coveted, because it can command labor; but of what use would it be if labor would not be commanded? What would it avail to possess all the riches of Potosi, if thereby we could not procure the products of agriculture? What are manufactures

res concerned in but these products? What freights the barks of commerce in their rapid flight, threading every channel and entering every port, but the products of agriculture?—Whence does the government derive its revenue, but from the fruits of agriculture? What constitutes the wealth of the country, but her cotton, hemp, sugar, rice, tobacco, wool, wheat, beef and pork? Agriculture only can be considered as the creator of wealth. The merchant, the manufacturer, the sailor, the various artisans and tradesmen perform their part in making the products of agriculture more valuable; in transporting them so that the advantages of climate are equalized, and in putting them in a condition for use; but agriculture alone produces. Like the leader of Israel, she strikes the rock, and the famishing people are satisfied.—She supplies, she feeds, she quickens all. Agriculture is the commanding interest of the country with which no interest of a secular nature combined can be brought into competition.—*Henry Coleman.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.**  
"But look then," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, "how ugly that little one is; she is not, William!"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife.

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting with her little grey eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair and above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order.—Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt as she listened to her mother's observation. "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother to give her the kiss of good night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented to him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's only reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling quarrel, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why, but her father still continued angry, and her mother still continued weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile the parties.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantle, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, she then took in her hands the moistened handkerchief with which her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties now being favorably disposed might remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand joined it in her father's as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun which, during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long wide bands of red clouds—more and more dark, were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering but a general silence took place, for here was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights are brought in—the young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time and he found her less ugly; and Rose was, indeed, less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensation.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

**ANOTHER GOOD MOVE.**—The House of Representatives, on Wednesday, gave another proof of its determination to devote itself henceforth to the business of the extra session.

Mr. Warren of Georgia, having introduced on Tuesday an amendment to the rules of the House, providing that no member should speak more than one hour on any one question, moved a suspension of the rules on Monday with a view of calling up this amendment.—The house, by a vote of two to one, agreed to suspend, and Mr. Warren, remarking that his resolution was one which restricted members from too much talking, and should not, therefore, be much talked about, moved the previous question to be put, and adopted the rule proposed by Mr. Warren by the decisive vote of yeas 117 to nays 75.

The advantages of this new rule are obvious; yet it argues no little self-denial on the part of the majority that they consented to limit themselves in this particular after the wide scope heretofore allowed. The rule will not at all interfere with the practical, business speeches of the session, for they rarely occupy over an hour, but it will effectually clip the wings of those especial favorites of the Albany Argus, who are forever seeking opportunities to "indulge their fancies," to the great annoyance of the House and the growing disgust of the people.

**MAILS LOADED WITH NEWSPAPERS.**—The effect of "mammoth weeklies" in increasing the weight of the newspaper mails is becoming apparent. More than three wagon loads of Newspaper lags were taken from Baltimore to Frederick last Sunday, and on the same day the four horse mail coach, made for this special service, left eight bags of newspapers at Frederick, after taking away thirty-six.

**A MAN RUINED BY SUDDEN WEALTH.**—The Baltimore Sun gives an account of a young man named Benton Starks, from Athens, Ga., who had been remarkably industrious and had acquired a respectable property but whose intellect was completely disordered by his suddenly coming in possession of \$7,000. Having collected his funds, he took the stage for Baltimore, through which he passed on to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and ultimately returned to Baltimore having spent nearly all he had. A young gentleman from Virginia came on to induce him, if possible to return home, but failing in this, requested the police at Baltimore to take him into custody. He had when taken, two pistols valued at \$75, forty-seven pieces of gold coin amounting to about \$235; \$61 in paper and \$1 in silver, making \$402. Five fine gold watches were found upon his person—the chains running round his neck and body. Three valuable breastpins of the largest size glittered in his bosom. [Troy Whig.]

**IMPRISONMENT OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.**—The Madisonian publishes the following as a copy of a letter recently addressed to the Secretary of State, Hon. Daniel Webster. It relates to the arrest and imprisonment, in the dungeons of Rome, of an American citizen.

To the Hon. Daniel Webster, Sec. of State:

SIR—I hasten to make known to the government of the United States of America a fact of a serious character, and highly interesting to the national dignity of the country. The Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, is confined in a dungeon of Rome, without communication with any living person, and consequently without the knowledge of the American minister resident there—a target for the blackest calumnies, and a victim of the most atrocious persecutions from his colleagues here in religious matters. He was summoned to Rome towards the end of 1838, if I am not mistaken, and in 1839, when I made his acquaintance, he was confined in a convent under an ecclesiastical prosecution. On the process being completed, he was ordered to resign. This he refused to do; and then he was thrown into a dungeon, perhaps of the Inquisition, where three other Bishops are lying. There he is overwhelmed with sufferings, and tortured to oblige him to resign, and all possible measures were taken to prevent him from invoking the protection of the diplomatic agents of his own country. A similar case had happened to the Bishop of Philadelphia, Mr. Cornwell. But this prelate, whilst in the same position of Mr. Reese, was fortunate enough to make his escape from Rome; and, arrested in Paris, under Charles the Xth, by order of the Pope, was set at liberty through the intervention of the American Minister.

Thinking that the Government of the United States are to look upon their citizens under no religious aspect, but merely as free citizens of this Union, I could scarcely believe but that, in consequence of this disclosure, ready and efficacious steps will be taken to cause the Papal Government to be called to account for such a scandalous abuse of its spiritual power. I have the honor to be, Your most obedient servant,

BERNARDUS CASTELLI.  
Washington, D. C., July 13, 1841.

**McLEOD.** The N. Y. American says, the counsel for McLeod, as we learn by a letter of yesterday from Utica, will immediately sue out a writ of error and the case will be carried to the Court for the Correction of Errors, which meets in August.

If the Court of Errors should affirm the decision of the Supreme Court, an appeal lies, and will be taken, to the Supreme Court of the United States; and meantime a rule of application of the prisoner's discharge, would doubtless be made by the Court of Errors to stay proceedings in the case until a final decision could be had. [Troy Whig.]

## COMPLIMENTS TO AMERICAN LADIES.

Mr. Buckingham, in his late work, published in England, described his travels in this country, pays the following compliment to the American ladies:—

"The women, moreover, are much handsomer than the men. They are almost uniformly good-looking: the greater number are what would be called in England 'pretty women,' which is something between good-looking and handsome, in the nice distinctions of beauty. This uniformity extends also to their figures, which are almost universally slender and of good symmetry. Very few large or stout women are seen, and none that we should call masculine. A more than usual degree of femine delicacy, enhanced by the general paleness of complexion and slightness of figure particularly characteristic of American females, and the extreme respect and deference shown to them every where by men, has a tendency to increase that delicacy, by making them more dependent on the attention and assistance of others, than English ladies of the same class usually are."

## PUBLIC DEBT.

Mr. Sergeant puts the saddle upon the right horse in the discussion of the right public debt. There never was a more arrant piece of humbuggery, than that which the Locos have attempted to play off among the people, respecting the deficit in the Treasury.—They by an unexampled prodigality, created the debt—and because the Whigs have brought the fact to light, and, like honest men, are trying to provide the means of payment, they are charged with the creation of the debt. This is a pitch of impudence, to which nothing but the brass of Locofocoism is equal.

The public debt is undeniable and undeniable—and the only question is, what is the best mode of discharging it? By a direct and open loan?—or by a disguised and covert one, in the shape of Treasury notes? Looking to mere party means, the expenditures of the Government might be concealed from the people, and the Administration might be as wasteful as it pleased, without subjecting itself to censure. But the other is the nobler and the manlier course. It meets the difficulty face to face. It disavows nothing. It enables the people to see the state of their finances, and to observe the operations of their agents. It is also said to be the cheaper mode of the two. Whilst Treasury notes cost from 6 to 7 per cent. interest, and a regular loan may be negotiated at 5 per cent. This is a consideration not to be disregarded—but it is secondary to the other. In a Republic like ours, there should be no confusion, mystery or misification in financial arrangements—by which the Many may be plundered by the Few, with impunity.

**DIARRHEA.** People need not be long troubled with that disorder so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the Summer, or Bowel Complaint, when the certain remedy therefore may be found on every man's dinner-table, in the shape of salt and vinegar.—Two tea-spoons full of the former dissolved in half a gill of the latter, and swallowed at a draft, will in most cases effect an instant cure.

The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. We are ready to give our certificate to Dr. Pickle, in the premises; for we witnessed the proof.—*Quod erat demonstrandum*—which is as much as to say, in Dutch, "it has been tried." This recipe should be published annually—every summer.—*Nantuck-et Inquirer.*

## REMARKS OF MR. PHELPS,

OF VERMONT.  
Upon the amendment of Mr. Rice to the Bill creating the Fiscal Bank of the United States.

Mr. President: Nothing was further from my purpose, when this debate commenced, than the design of participating in it; and nothing further from my apprehension than the necessity of doing so. But an issue is made upon which I cannot pass, without an explanation of the reasons which will influence my vote. The propriety of this explanation is rendered still more apparent by the course which the debate has taken.

The bill, in its present form, assumes the power of Congress, not only to create the proposed Bank, but to establish branches in the several States, without their concurrence or assent. This power is denied by the Senator from Va., who proposes to obviate the constitutional objection of the amendment now under consideration. Although the Senator sustains his amendment upon this constitutional ground, yet it is as justice to him to say, that he proposes it as a matter of compromise; expressly disclaiming any inference that the adoption of it is to be regarded as a surrender or abandonment, on the part of his friends, of the power claimed by them, as conferred by the Constitution.—In this aspect of the question, it becomes proper for me to declare, whether I sustain his proposition because I entertain doubts of the power assumed by the bill in its present form, or upon considerations of expediency only.

Sir, upon the constitutional question I have no difficulty. It is one of those questions, in regard to which, my opinion never has been, and in all human probability, never will be changed. I doubt the power of Congress, not only to create this Bank, but to establish branches in any of the States, without their concurrence or assent, as little as I doubt the existence of a Congress to exercise that power. I regard the proposed Bank as a mere financial and commercial agent. This description, in my judgment, comprises all which is essential in its character and purpose. Its influence upon the currency, I consider, a part of its commercial agency. In the character of a financial and commercial agent, I regard it as falling within the scope of the Legislative power which has in charge those great national interests. The control over the finances, and commerce, and currency of the country necessarily involves the employment of all usual, and proper, and necessary agents; and a Bank of the United States is, in my judgment, such an agent.

The power of Congress to create a corporation, as an abstract question, cannot, in my judgment, be answered affirmatively or negatively; but the power must depend upon the object and purpose for which the corporation is created, and the ends to which its agency is to be applied. Having committed to your charge the finances, the currency, and the commerce of the country, you can employ all the means for the furtherance of these great national interests which are appropriate or necessary. You may unquestionably create a financial agent, and you may double counter upon that agent a corporate capacity, as a modification of its powers. I deem it necessary to make this explicit declaration of my sentiments upon this constitutional question, and I protest against any and every inference that, in voting for the proposition of the Senator from Virginia, I intend either to surrender the power which I consider clearly conferred upon us by the Constitution, of establishing branches of this Bank in any of the States, without their assent, or even to cast a shadow of doubt over it. Sir I am as much attached to this construction of the Constitution as the Senator from Rhode Island, who has just spoken. I am no more prepared than he is to abandon the principles "in which I have been educated"—principles which I hold in common with the Senator, and which I will adhere to, not only because they are those in which I was educated, but because they have, at this moment, the sanction of my deliberate judgment.

But the power in question being admitted, the proposition of the Senator from Virginia, presents to my mind a grave question of expediency. If we have the power, shall we exercise it? Upon this question I am with the Senator from Va. He differs from me in regard to the constitutional doctrine; but, in my judgment, the difference is not essential to our present purpose. I am willing to waive the discussion of abstract questions upon which we differ, and to meet him on the middle ground of compromise which he proposes. Sir, my experience in life has taught me the necessity of a spirit of mutual concession and

compromise. I have never seen a deliberative body where it was not necessary, nor do I expect ever to see one. Your legislative history is but a history of compromise and concession; your Constitution originated in that spirit; and the journals of your legislation from the establishment to the present moment, exhibit but a series of compromises between conflicting interests and opinions. There is not at this moment, any great national interest requiring your legislative care, upon which the salutary action of Congress can be had without mutual concession. No set of men can long retain power without cultivating this spirit. Certain it is, that without it the scepter of power will soon depart from those who now hold it; and should it fall again into the hands of our adversaries, even they could retain it only by harmony and concert.

Mr. President, I am disposed to act upon this principle in the present emergency. I regard the proposed Bank as not only a vital interest, but indispensable to the welfare of our common country. If it fail another political revolution will follow, and we shall be thrown back upon the condemned, and discarded, and execrated policy of the past administration. From the outset I have considered that we have but one alternative—the Sub Treasury or a National Bank. The scheme of deposit in the State Banks is generally repudiated. Some few may still advocate it; but without some agent to regulate and equalize the currency, that system must ever prove practicable.—Regarding the proposed measure in this light, I cannot permit any difference of opinion, upon abstract questions, (so far, at least, as I am concerned), to defeat it. I will not surrender my principles, nor will I yield a power clearly conferred upon us by the Constitution. But I will forbear the exercise of that power, questionable as it is with some, when the great practical purpose I have in view can be accomplished without it. And if the distinguished Senator from Va. will unite with me in the establishment of this agent, so necessary in my judgment, for the interests of all, I will not stop to quarrel with him by the way about abstract doctrines or differences of opinion not essential to our purpose; but will reserve my strength for that contest upon those contested points, assuring him that, when that period arrives, I shall be prepared, not only to assert and vindicate the power which I claim, but to carry it into full and complete execution.

Sir, the Senator from Virginia, and many of his friends, consider the bill, in its present form, unconstitutional. With the modification proposed, he regards it as constitutional. So do I; and I consider it equally so without that modification. Now, sir, if the bill, as modified, will answer the great purposes expected from it, why can not the Senator and myself unite in support of a measure which we both approve, and discuss the constitutional question, if necessary, hereafter?

Mr. President, it is idle to disguise the fact that there is a powerful opposition to this measure—a formidable opposition on this floor, and one equally formidable in almost every section of the country. We are threatened, even now, with a repeal of the charter.—Under these circumstances, I desire to call to aid support, all who expect from it the salutary operation which I expect, and which is so much needed by the country. I do not choose to arm that opposition with constitutional objections. I do not desire to erect an edifice to day to be prostrated to-morrow. I desire to place it on the footing of undoubted constitutionality. In short, I wish to remove the scruples of its friends, and to disarm its enemies of this formidable weapon. And with this view I shall vote for the amendment.

Sir, the objections to the proposition of the Senator from Virginia may be reduced to two. First, That the proposed amendment will destroy the practical utility of the Bank; and, secondly, that the adoption of the amendment would be a virtual surrender of the power which we claim, of establishing a Bank without the assent of the States.

As to the first of these objections I have little to say. It will be found, I trust, for the interest of the several States that branches be established wherever they are found necessary for the great National purposes designed to be effected by the institution. I go for the amendment in the hope—nay, the expectation, that the States will unite with us in the promotion of the great object we have in view. And I have too much confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the several State Legislatures, to expect from them a course of policy unfriendly to a National Institution so much needed; and more especially, to the establishment of branches at those points where, either the financial operations of the Government, or the commercial exigencies of the country may call for them. At all events, I am willing to concede so much to the constitutional scruples of my political friends, as to try the experiment. Should the assent of the States be obtained to the establishment of branches in some of the more important points, the salutary action of the institution, in a national point of view would be secured; and the establishment of other branches would then become a matter of mere local expediency which might well be left to the judgment of the local authorities.

But should the experiment fail, and should it become necessary to assert the power, which I doubt not we possess, I will go as far as any Senator on this floor in calling that power into action. And I will call upon the Senator from Virginia, and his friends, to yield to the necessity of the case, and to concede the constitutionality of means practically shown to be necessary to the effectual discharge of our high constitutional duty. But, it is objected, that if the bill be modified as proposed, the power which I have asserted is surrendered. I cannot regard it. I meet the Senator from Virginia on his own ground. He repudiates the inference that the power is surrendered, and we who close with his proposition, protest against it. It would be most extraordinary if a compromise, thus effected, should carry with it an inference, thus expressly excluded.

But, in sustaining the proposition of the Senator from Va. we surrender nothing. I have yet to learn that the mere forbearance to exercise an admitted power involves a surrender of that power. Is there no consideration of expediency